



DO YOU WANT TO BE A DUB?

W. F. "Bill" Huffman, president of the newly formed group of citizens who are interested in operating the Brevard Country Club, is one of the most enthusiastic local golfers. He is shown driving from No. 1 tee on the Brevard Course, and the ball's line of flight explains why he is called "Lucky" by other golfers. He can hit in any direction, slice or hook, and the ball always ends up right smack in the middle of the fairway.

"The Average Golf Dub is America's prize sap. He is a sucker for anything he thinks will improve his game, anything, that is, except the constant practice and competent instruction necessary to enable him to correct his faults. He never learns, rarely listens, and constantly is on the search for the magic formula. To him and millions like him golf will always remain a mystery, and the search for the key to long straight drives will continue until he either quits in disgust or death closes the door on his slices in this world.

—Paul Gallico

There's only one way to make a golfer, provided a man has an aptitude for the game and isn't trying to swing past a bay window that obscures his vision of the ball at his feet. And that is by good instruction, patience, practice, and a working knowledge of appropriate terms.

The average number of uncounted strokes in golf each year exceeds the national debt. The amount of turf not replaced would fill the Grand Canyon. Each year thousands of shots have been within a foot of the cup and headed toward the hole, and a strong wind causes 99 44/100 percent of all slices.

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Yes, the game of golf is a mystery—as mysterious as electricity, the solar system or the atom bomb. Because he cannot solve it, the average golf dub turns to magic, cure-all gadgets, books, electric shocks, and finally to a psychiatrist. He is forever searching for the secret formula that will transform him overnight from a lumberjack or weed cultivator into an idol of sports writers. Golf makes a simple-minded crystal gazer out of an otherwise apparently intelligent person.

The average golfer can't count higher than to five unless he is telling about his drives, which he always overestimates by 30 yards. He makes "the best shot I ever saw" 50 times a year. His hearing is ten times as acute when he is addressing the ball as it is normally.

Recent tests show that the amount of fatigue involved in carrying 60 pounds of golf equipment 10,000 yards is the same as pushing a 40 pound lawn mower 50 feet.

If you haven't taken up the game of golf, now is the time to start. After two weeks in conference with "Lucky" Huffman, "Sandtrap" Sexton, "Mile-a-way" Conn and "Bet a Million" Newbury, we can offer you some advice that will save you plenty of time and cash.

After you have spent all of your savings on new clubs and balls, go out to the course and start your first round (don't practice, it's a waste of time). Place your ball on the tee, get any kind of grip on your club, and slice away. Be sure and keep your head up so you can see where your ball is going.

If you think Ponce De Leon had a hard time searching for the Fountain of Youth, just try to find that ball. Don't listen to advice from the boys on the sideline, they can't do better. They will start looking for your ball as soon as you are out of sight. That's why you should always use new balls—they're easier for someone else to find.

After you have lost two dozen balls and just about ready to give up and visit the nearest recruiting office, you'll get that ONE PERFECT SHOT. That's all brother—you are now an addict. Now you can join your Ecusta buddies any afternoon, in the rough, on the local course.

In parting, and this might save some parting, tell your wife that the doctor prescribed the game for your nerves.